

The MYSTERY of CARNEYCROFT

By JOSEPH BROWN COOKE. COPYRIGHT 1907 BY STORY-PRESS CORPORATION

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

The poor fellow's distress was so great that, a moment later, as I stood by his side at the door, I could not resist laying my hand on his shoulder and saying gently:

"Why don't you brace up, Mr. Carney? It isn't too late by any means. Just think of all that life has to offer you. You are a man of great wealth, the head of one of the best known families in the country, and everything that heart could wish for lies before you. Think it over, old man, think it over! Think of your sister, and—Miss Weston, and yourself, Carney; yourself, above all else, and leave the confounded stuff alone!"

As I uttered the last words he recoiled from me as if I had been the plague and muttered hoarsely, "My God, Ware, you don't think I am drunk, do you?"

Before I could reply he had hurried through the door, down the stairs and into the street.

CHAPTER IV.

Little Bobbs.

I followed him as rapidly as possible, hoping to overtake him and, at least, persuade him to return to my office until his excitement had cooled somewhat, but I reached the street only in time to see him turn the corner and mingle with the bustling crowd.

At the same instant a little man, not over five feet in height, and dressed in coarse drab, Norfolk jacket and tightly fitting trousers, turned in hurriedly from the opposite direction and collided with me with some violence.

"Beg pardon, sir," he panted, recovering himself with an effort and pulling off his cap respectfully. "Beg pardon, sir. I'm looking for Mr. Ware's office, sir. Mr. Frederick Ware, sir. Is this the place, sir?" and he placed his hand on his chest and gasped noisily in his endeavor to catch his breath.

"Mr. Ware's office is upstairs," I replied, "and I am Mr. Ware. Who are you?"

"Thank ye, sir," he said gratefully, an expression of relief lighting up his face. "I'm Bobbs, sir. Little Bobbs, they calls me, sir." Still holding his cap in his hand he pulled his forelock and bowed with the grace of an east-side dancing master.

"Very well, Bobbs," I said, completely puzzled. "Now what do you want?"

"Why, I want Mr. Carney, of course, sir," he replied. "I'm his man, you know, sir, and he told me to meet him here in half an hour."

"So you are Mr. Carney's servant, eh?" I queried.

He nodded respectfully and touched his forelock again.

"Well," I continued, "Mr. Carney has gone and you won't be able to overtake him, so there is no use in your trying. Moreover, I want to see you myself in the office for a few minutes."

He followed me upstairs and sat down gingerly on the edge of a chair, twirling his cap between his hands and twiddling his thumbs nervously. I watched him for a moment in silence and then, an idea striking me, I unlocked the small cupboard in my desk, took out a bottle and a glass and, placing them before him, said solicitously: "You are completely exhausted, Bobbs; better take a little of this."

His face was perfectly frank and honest as he said, politely, "Thank ye kindly, sir, but I never touch it. I'll be all right in a minute, sir."

I returned the bottle and glass to their places, fully satisfied with the result of my little experiment and convinced that the fellow had spoken the truth and could be relied upon in every way.

"How long have you been in Mr. Carney's employ?" I asked, as I turned the key in the lock.

"Three years, come next autumn," he replied promptly.

"And did you never drink anything in your life, Bobbs?" I continued, for I was working out a definite line of questions.

"Well, sir," he rejoined, rather uncomfortably I thought, "I can't say as I've always been teetotal, sir, an' I used to take a drop now and then and again, sir. But since Mr. Carney got this way, sir, I gave it up entirely. It wouldn't do for me to be drinkin' now, you know, sir."

"No, it wouldn't," I said emphatically. "You are quite right, Bobbs, and you are a faithful fellow to give it up as you have."

"Thank ye, sir," said Bobbs.

"How long has Mr. Carney been in this condition?" I asked.

Bobbs looked at me in an unde-

cided fashion for a moment and then blurted out, "Why, I don't know, sir, as I ought to be talkin' of his affairs so much, sir. It don't seem to me as it's quite right, sir."

I appreciated the fellow's devotion and loyalty to his master's interests and hastened to reassure him.

"It's all right, Bobbs," I said. "You may talk to me perfectly freely for I understand everything. You know, Mr. Carney himself was here for some time this morning."

Bobbs looked relieved and proceeded without further diffidence.

"Why, I should say, sir, it's goin' on about two years now. Ye know, he had some trouble or other on his mind when he went away, sir, an' it seemed

an' we began to have some hopes of him, but it wasn't any use, an' the first thing we knew he was as bad as ever."

"I wonder he came back at all," I remarked. "I shouldn't have thought he would have felt inclined to."

"I didn't think he'd come, myself," said Bobbs, "but he insisted upon it, and, as I told you a minute ago, there's no changing him now when he once gets an idea in his head, so we packed up and came. He said he had some matters to attend to with you that he must see about at once, sir."

"Yes," I replied, "he arranged certain affairs with me this morning."

"Well," said Bobbs, "I'm glad that's done, for it will be a great load off his mind."

"Where do you suppose he has gone now?" I asked. "He left here very hurriedly and I wonder if he will get into trouble." My calmness of mind was due to the fact that, under the circumstances, I should not have cared if he had broken his neck.

"Oh! he'll get back to the hotel, sir," returned Bobbs confidently. "He told me to get the tickets for to-night and a few other things he needed and then meet him here, or at the hotel if he had left here. You know he is going home to-night, sir."

"Yes," I said, "but he tells me he

now for he may need me. You know, sir, he's not always as bad as you've seen him to-day. It's only at times, sir, that he gets like this."

"I should hope so," I returned. "An' you think he will reach the hotel safely?"

"No doubt about that, sir," said Bobbs. "If he has any trouble or should get—er—dizzy or anything he'll take a cab, sir. The way he can keep his head is wonderful, sir."

He had risen to go as I asked my last question.

"Bobbs," I said, earnestly, "I want you to tell me something. What, in heaven's name, does Mr. Carney drink to keep him in this condition?"

"What does he drink, sir?" exclaimed Bobbs in a half frightened tone and viewing me with evident and sudden suspicion. "Why, I thought you knew, sir! I thought you knew!" and before I could stop him, he, like his master, had rushed out of the office into the street.

CHAPTER V.

A Question of Guessing.

Some men are so stupid at times that one wonders how they get on in life at all, and after a few moments of ridiculously profound thought, I was quite ready to consign myself to this class. Here was a man, obviously a slave to a habit which was slowly but surely eating his very life away, who virtually admitted his shortcomings in the plainest of English, and yet who rushed from my presence in horror and disgust when I attempted to persuade him to leave intoxicants alone! Here was his servant, an honest, trustworthy fellow, who not only admitted his master's failings but gave many details of his unfortunate downfall, and yet who regarded me with suspicion and dread when I ventured to ask him a most natural question! And here was a fool of a lawyer who could not see through a millstone with a hole in it!

I reached for the telephone and called up MacArdel.

"Hello, Mac!" I said. "Busy to-night?"

"Nothing special," he replied, laconically. "What's up?"

"Dine with me at the club at seven, will you?" I asked. "I want you to tell me something."

"All right," said MacArdel. "Seven sharp, and I'll order the dinner. Good-by," and he hung up his receiver with a snap.

I did not resent MacArdel's abruptness, for I knew he had a room full of people waiting to see him and the fact that he was to order the dinner was enough to make a man forgive anything short of an unprovoked assault.

MacArdel was little, of course. He was born half an hour after he was expected and his time-table through life has always been that much behind to a second; so I called for the things and made the cocktails myself. I cannot order a dinner as MacArdel can, but I can construct a cocktail that would make the nectar of the gods taste like Bloomsbury coffee.

The dinner was as good as the cocktail and we went to the roof for our coffee and cigars.

MacArdel tipped back in his chair and rested his heels on the broad coping, for we were sitting in a secluded corner, back of a pillar, and the only light we had came from the restless city far below us, sparkling and glittering like the reflection of a September sky at midnight. An occasional glimmer of moonlight broke through the fleecy, scudding clouds, so that, from time to time, we caught glimpses of each other as we lazily puffed our cigars.

It was a dreary night and a dreary place and I dreaded to bring up the disagreeable topic that we had met to discuss. So we sipped our coffee and smoked our cigars almost oblivious of each other's presence. But when the fresh cigars were lighted, MacArdel yawned impolitely, as was his habit when we were alone, and said briefly: "Well, what is it?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A MISSOURI WOMAN

Tells a Story of Awful Suffering and Wonderful Relief.

Mrs. J. D. Johnson, of 603 West Hickman St., Columbia, Mo., says:

"Following an operation two years ago, dropsy set in, and my left side was so swollen the doctor said he would have to tap out the water. There was constant pain and a gurgling sensation around my heart, and I could not raise my arm above my head. The kidney action was disordered and passages of the secretions too frequent. On the advice of my husband I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Since using two boxes my trouble has not reappeared. This is wonderful, after suffering two years."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

GONE FOREVER.

Ten years ago a farmer put his initials on a dollar bill. The next day he went to the nearest town and spent it with a merchant. Before the year was out he got the dollar back. Four times in six years the dollar came back to him for produce and three times he heard of it in the pocket of his neighbors.

The last time he got it back four years ago. He sent it to a mail order house. He never has seen that dollar since, and never will. That dollar bill will never pay any more school or road tax for him, will never build or brighten any of the homes of the community. He sent it entirely out of the circle of usefulness to himself and his neighbors.

Patronize your local merchant who helps you to pay your taxes, support your schools and churches, and lends a helping hand in times of sickness and trouble.

Out of His Line.

A man living in the country far from any physician was taken suddenly ill. His family, in great alarm, not knowing what to do, sent for a neighbor, who had a reputation for doctoring cows.

"Can't you give father something to help him?" asked one of the sons.

"Wa-al, I don't know nothin' about doctorin' people."

"You know more than we do, for you can doctor cows. Now what do you give them when they are sick?"

"Wa-al, I give 'em a pound."

"How much shall we give him?" inquired the son.

"Wa-al, I give cows just a pound."

Your father is a quarter as big as a cow—give him a quarter of a pound."

The Evolution of Household Remedies.

The modern patent medicine business is the natural outgrowth of the old-time household remedies.

In the early history of this country, EVERY FAMILY HAD ITS HOME-MADE MEDICINES. Herb teas, bitters, laxatives and tonics, were to be found in almost every house, compounded by the housewife, sometimes assisted by the apothecary or the family doctor. Such remedies as picra, which was aloes and quassia, dissolved in apple brandy. Sometimes a hop tonic, made of whiskey, hops and bitter barks. A score or more of popular, home-made remedies were thus compounded, the formulae for which were passed along from house to house, sometimes written, sometimes verbally communicated.

The patent medicine business is a natural outgrowth from this wholesome, old-time custom. In the beginning, some enterprising doctor, impressed by the usefulness of one of these home-made remedies, would take it up, improve it in many ways, manufacture it on a large scale, advertise it mainly through almanacs for the home, and thus it would become used over a large area. LATTERLY THE HOUSEHOLD REMEDY BUSINESS TOOK A MORE EXACT AND SCIENTIFIC FORM.

Peruna was originally one of these old-time remedies. It was used by the Mennonites, of Pennsylvania, before it was offered to the public for sale. Dr. Hartman, THE ORIGINAL COMPOUNDER OF PERUNA, is of Mennonite origin. First, he prescribed it for his neighbors and his patients. The sale of it increased, and at last he established a manufactory and furnished it to the general drug trade.

Peruna is useful in a great many climatic ailments, such as coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, and catarrhal diseases generally. THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES HAVE LEARNED THE USE OF PERUNA and its value in the treatment of these ailments. They have learned to trust and believe in Dr. Hartman's judgment, and to rely on his remedy, Peruna.



"Well, What is It?"

to prey on him more an' more all the time. After a while he began gettin' in with those people, which I suppose was a relief to him and kept his thoughts off the other thing. At first it was only occasionally when he got to feelin' specially downhearted, but it wasn't long before he was with 'em all the time, sir. I begged and begged him to keep away from 'em, for you know as well as I do, sir, that only one thing could come of it, but he wouldn't listen to me and things kept goin' from bad to worse.

"At the beginning he kept up his interest in the business pretty well, but finally he lost all track of that, and then it wasn't many months before he couldn't attend to it whether he wanted to or not. That was the time I quit drinkin', sir, for I saw that he needed every minute of my time, day and night, or at least that he might need it."

"His neglectin' the business as he did wasn't any harm, you know, sir, for it's so well managed that it could almost run itself, but I did wish that he had worked off his bad feelin' in the office, 'stead of the way he did. My heart aches for him all the time, sir," continued the faithful fellow, brushing away a tear with his knuckle, "but he got so obstinate that nobody could do a thing with him an', anyway, I could have managed him myself if anyone living could."

"You think there is no chance for him now, Bobbs?" I inquired anxiously.

"Not one in a million, sir," answered Bobbs, sadly. "He's too far gone now, sir. He was takin' the cure for a time

does not expect to stay there long. Do you know what his plans are?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, sir," said Bobbs. "He never tells anyone what he is going to do, and he's in such a bad way now that I fancy he's as likely to go one way as another, sir. But I'll stick to him, sir; you may be sure of that. I must be going



Rat and Crab in Battle

Former Found Helpless in the Grasp of the Crustacean.

D. L. Van Culin, a Paducah stationer, is fond of salt water crabs, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. Receiving a consignment from Maine, he took one out to experiment with. They were numb from the ice packing and one placed by the warm stove began to exhibit signs of life. "I will just leave him there and see how long a crab can live out of water," Van Culin explained, as he locked his store for the night. The stationer found no crab when he returned. A thorough search of the ground floor failed to reveal anything, but a peculiar knocking sound from upstairs attracted his attention. On the top step of

the stairs he found the trouble. The crab, with his grippers fast in the sides of a fat rat, was clinging to his captive. The rat, nearly dead, struggled feebly for release and little by little wormed his way upstairs with the weight of the crab pulling steadily against him. The rodent had presumably sniffed at the queer-looking intruder and was caught before his nimble legs could carry him out of harm's reach.

A Natural Sequence.

Towne—"Their married life is not at all happy." Browne—"Why, I didn't even know they were married." Towne—"Oh, yes; they were married 'under the rose,' you know." Browne—"Well, what could they expect to find under the rose but thorns."